If thou ſorrow, he will weepe:
If thou awake, he cannot ſleepe:
Thus of every greefe, in heart
He, with thee, doth beare a part.
Theſe are certaine ſignes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe

A requeſt to his ſcornefull Love.

WHen thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my merit in the eye of ſcorne,
Vpon thy ſide, againſt thy ſelfe Ile fight,
And prove thee vertuous, though thou art forſworne:
With mine owne weakeneſſe being beſt acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can ſet downe a ſtory
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in looſing me, ſhall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too,
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to my ſelfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right, my ſelfe will beare all wrong.
Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome fault,
And I will comment upon that offence,
Speake of my lameneſſe, and I ſtraight will hault:
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not (love) diſgrace me halfe ſo ill,
To ſet a forme upon deſired change,

As Ile my ſelfe diſgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle and looke ſtran
Be abſent from thy walkes and in my tongu
Thy ſweet belooved name no more ſhall dw
Leaſt I (too much prophane) ſhould do it wi
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt my ſelfe Ile vow debate,
For I muſt nere love him whom thou doſt
Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cr
Joyne with the ſpight of fortune, make me b
And doe not drop in for an after loſſe:
Ah doe not, when my heart hath ſcapt this ſ
Come in the rereward of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purpoſd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, doe not leave me laſt,
When other petrie griefes have done their ſ
But in the onſet come, ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortunes might.
And other ſtraines of woe, which now ſee
Compar'd with loſſe of thee, will not ſeem
Some glory in their birth, ſome in their skill
Some in their wealth, ſome in their bodies fo
Some in their garments though new-fangled
Some in their Hawkes and hounds, ſome in t
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure
Wherein it findes a joy above the reſt,
But theſe particulers are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one generall beſt.
Thy love is better then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments